THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND

A NOVEL OF AMERICAN LIFE DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

SOME INTRODUCTORY ADVENTURES.

Jules Vernon with his wife, who was much younger than himself, and his only child Pauline went to the Vernon plantation house, or Vernon Place, as it was called at Bay Saint Louis, to spend some months. There were few residents on that wild, lonely and lovely shore in those days; for our story begins at the time when war with England, commonly called the War of 1812, was at its high tide.

Why Mr. Vernon had sought this isolation will be disclosed, perhaps, in due time; at present we must be content to know him with only such a glimpse of his character and motives as circumstances permit.

He is a man of giant stature; and his face, almost covered with grizzly beard, wears that look of rugged strength which perfect health often gives to the countenance of an aged man whose life has been spent at sea. His shoulders are square-set and powerful, his head large, shaggy, leonine, his arms heavy and muscular. When he laughs, there is a suggestion of sea-roar in his voice—a mellow hoarseness not unlike the beating of long swells on a reef.

His wife is a bright, clear-faced, volatile creole, just beginning to show the lines of age in her pretty face, albeit her hair is almost snow-white.

As for Pauline, she is lovely, a girl to catch the eye and heart of almost any man, with her regular features, her expression of modest simplicity, lighted up with a charming vivacity, her plump, supple figure and her luxuriance of shining hair.

Here they are, these three, living for the time a life of utter loneliness in a large, rudely built house, in the most out-of-the-way nook to be found on the wild gulf coast.

It was not as strange as it seems romantic, that they were thus isolated; for in those days men ventured without fear and risked everything without hesitation.

Mr. Vernon was a very rich man, who, since he abandoned sea-faring life, had been one of the chief leaders of affairs in New Orleans. His business relations had been many and far-reaching. Perhaps he now wished to get rid of some of them, and had come to this lonely plantation with the hope of breaking away from entanglements which had become irksome to him.

A tall, slender, emaciated, but yet seemingly vigorous old man, one stormy March night, sought the hospitality of the Vernon household. Of course, as was the old Southern custom, they took him in, although his actions were mysterious to the point of suggesting a doubt as to his sanity. He had crossed the bay in a little open boat, which capsized with him near the shore; and when he entered the house it was evident that he had suffered much. Next morning he was ill, and for many days he seemed at at the point of death.

In this extremity, he confided his life-secret to Mr. Vernon. Simply told it was this: His orphan granddaughter, a sweet and beautiful girl, while yet scarcely more than a mere child, had been influenced by a daring young scapegrace to elope with him and become his wife. This was in Scotland. The old man, who gave his name as Max Burns, did not disclose the name of his grand-daughter's abductor. Perhaps he had good reasons for keeping it a secret; but he went on to tell a touching and almost incredible story of how he had spent many years and a large fortune in trying to find and in some way take back his wandering grandchild Margaret. The young man, immediately after marrying the girl, took her to Italy, where he became a robber. The grandfather followed him, only to find that he had fled to Spain. There, too, he was an outlaw; and after some years of picturesque and terrible adventure, he was so closely pushed by the authorities that he left the country and was next heard of in San Domingo. From there, at length, he came to New Orleans.

All this time Max Burns, who was a Presbyterian preacher, had followed him as best he could, making every effort that money and tireless energy could sustain to capture the man and regain Margaret.

And now, almost penniless, his fortune dissipated in his vain endeavors, his health badly broken and with old age gripping his vitals, he was once more close upon the object of his long and apparently hopeless quest.

"And so," he went on in a feeble, panting tone, "just as I can almost reach him it seems that I must die. Oh, Margaret, Margaret!" and he lay gazing at the ceiling as if in prayer.

The story was so strange that, told under the peculiar and pathetic circumstances, it filled the hearts of the Vernon household with inexpressible sadness.

No one hearing the old man speak could doubt the truth of what he said; there was the unmistakable stamp of sincerity and deep, absolutely poignant feeling on every word as it came from his feeble lips.

But contrary to every probability, Burns got well and departed as mysteriously as he came, going off on foot in the direction of the Pearl River and Honey Island, a region which at that time was the home of a robber-band, the most desperate and powerful ever known in our country.

The old saying is, it never rains but pours. Scarcely had old Max Burns gone away, leaving behind him the almost weird impression of his strange story and of his mysterious personality, when another wanderer thrust himself into the life of the Vernons; and this time it was a young man of distinguished bearing, handsome, winning and withal not devoid of most that goes to add romance to character.

Pauline had been out to the cabin of one Lapin, the overseer of her father's servants, to see Lizette, the overseer's daughter, who had been ill. Returning thence on horseback and followed by a negro groom, she was making her pony gallop briskly when at a turn in the path he suddenly scared, whirled about and flung her off.

The object which had frightened the fiery little animal proved to be an easel roughly improvised by an artist who had been sketching a cluster of moss-hung trees. The artist himself was near by, and ran to Pauline's assistance.

The fall, though hard, had rather dazed than hurt the astonished girl, and before she fairly realized what had happened, she found herself upborne in the arms of a strange, handsome young man, who held her as if she had been a little child.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired, his face close to hers, his eyes tenderly regarding her.

At first she could make no answer, and she was too weak to struggle. The groom hastened to the spot; but seeing his young mistress in the possession of a stalwart, heavily armed white man, was afraid to say a word or move a hand. The pony, freed of its burden, had run home at full speed, and the thoroughly frightened negro, after glaring a moment, whipped his cob and rushed away in the same direction, leaving Pauline a helpless captive in the arms of her rescuer.

Mr. Vernon chanced to be at the house, when the groom, wild-eyed and gasping, arrived with his but half-coherent story of the adventure.

"Pierre Rameau!" he hoarsely cried in a half whisper. "Pierre Rameau done got Miss Pauline! Oh, de good Lor', de good Lor', Marse Vernon run dar quick!"

Mr. Vernon did not need to be told twice. He snatched a brace of heavy pistols, mounted the groom's horse and galloped toward the scene of the tragedy.

Pierre Rameau was a terrible name in the Gulf-coast region in those days, more terrible even than that of John A. Murrell became a few years later. Indeed, Rameau was reputed to be the leader of all the robbers, pirates and creole forbans in the whole Southwest. His deeds had hung a fascinating mist of romance about him which appealed to the imagination of the people.

Little wonder, then, that Mr. Vernon felt, as he urged the clumsy horse along the vague bridle-path, under the trees, a terrible whirl of mingling and, so to say, crushing emotions. His daughter was his idol; he worshiped her as only an aged man can worship an only child, the offspring of a belated marriage.

Pauline in the hands of Pierre Rameau! The thought was absolutely unbearable, and yet it had to be borne, at least for a few minutes; and the strain upon the old man's feelings showed in the swelling veins of his neck and forehead as he leaned forward over his horse's shoulders and seemed trying to pierce the dark, thick woods with his gaze.

When he turned a sharp curve of the way and looked down a straight stretch between heavy liveoaks and under gray festoons of Spanish moss, he saw something which, as a picture, hung ever after in his memory.

It was Pauline walking side by side with a tall young man, who, armed like a brigand, with rifle and pistols, and bearing an artist's portfolio, sauntered with the careless ease and grace of one at home in any place. The two seemed quite on good terms with each other, and were coming toward Mr. Vernon, who checked his horse in time and glowered darkly at them.

Pauline ran forward to meet her father, her face beaming.

"Papa, this gentleman is Mr. Fairfax, of Virginia; when my pony threw me a moment ago, he came to my aid." "He is an artist, and is staying at Monsieur Vasseur's. I hope you will thank him for his kindness to me."

The young man came up just then, and Mr. Vernon bent upon him a steady, searching look.

"Are you Mr. Burton Fairfax, sir?" he demanded, putting away the pistol that he had been holding for deadly use.

"Yes, sir." Evidently the young man was surprised. His face showedit.

"The negro told me that a robber had caught my daughter, so I was scarcely prepared to see the son of my old friend, Colonel Stirling Fairfax."

Mr. Vernon had regained perfect composure, and was now smiling kindly.

"You knew my father?" inquired Fairfax.

"Many, many years ago, in England. We were the best of friends, and I am proud now to see his son and to thank him for his gallant kindness to my daughter."

"You give me the deepest pleasure," Fairfax said, the strangeness of the situation preventing a clear understanding of it.

"Your mother was a Burton," Mr. Vernon went on. He dismounted and took the young man's hand. "Fine old families, the Burtons and the Fairfaxes—fine old families. Glad to take your hand, sir."

Pauline stood by, looking on. It was a picturesque group, and evidently the young girl felt deeply the romance of the occasion. Her feelings heightened her beauty.

Mr. Vernon pressed the young man to go to Vernon Place, and the three walked thither along the woodland road, the horse following after them.

When they reached the house the two gentlemen were quite like old acquaintances. Mrs. Vernon was glad to see the son of her husband's old friend, and thus Fairfax found himself the center of charming attentions.

It was like a leaf from some old romance, like being cast into a nook where the poetry of life still survived and where scarcely a ripple of the new order of things was ever heard.

Rich, fatherless, motherless, without a tie to bind him to any spot, the young man, after much travel and many adventures, had come to New Orleans, whence, in search of whatever was new or sketchable, he passed on into the wilderness, and finally found his way to the lonely shore of Bay Saint Louis, where he was glad to make his home for a time with a queer little fellow, Vasseur by name, in a rambling old backwoods house overlooking the beautiful water.

Vasseur was an enigma to the young adventurer and as such very interesting. He was very dark, could speak English, but brokenly, and in many ways his actions suggested a past life not above outlawry. All the furniture and belongings of Vasseur's house hinted at plunder; all of the man's actions had about them an atmosphere of furtiveness.

To pass suddenly from such surroundings into the charming circle of the Vernon household was a change which gave emphasis to the effect, and it caught the young man's imagination at once.

And how was it with Pauline?

A young girl under such circumstances does not analyze her feelings, and who shall do it for her?

She sat in the spacious room, and instinctively her chair was drawn close to her mother. Her heart was full of vague happiness, and any observer could have seen that she was quite unconscious of her beauty. Her expression was all attention, for every faculty of her nature had assumed a receptive attitude; and while Mr. Vernon and Burton Fairfax discussed the ancient social relations of the Vernons, the Fairfaxes and the Burtons, she found a most satisfying pleasure in the details, although it would have been quite impossible for to explain why.

Fairfax gladly accepted an invitation to take luncheon at Vernon Place; indeed, it required a little heroism on his part to refuse Mr. Vernon's urgent request that he remain in the house during the rest of his sojourn on the bay shore; especially hard was it to hold out against the hospitable insistence of the ladies, who, in the good old Southern style, joined in pressing him to stay. As it was, he took his departure late in the afternoon; but Vasseur's was not so far away that he could not come back every day if he saw fit.

If he saw fit! Did a young man ever fail to see fit to go back under such circumstances? Vernon Place was better in every way than Vasseur's; Mr. Vernon was a more interesting man than Vasseur; Mrs. Vernon was a charming woman; and Pauline—certainly Pauline was lovely, even if she did not talk much.

The young man left a very pleasant impression in the household. So pleasant, indeed, that it wiped out for the time all memory of the old wanderer who so lately had occupied almost their entire thought.

Pauline, after bidding good-by to Fairfax, ran to her own room and watched him go away. He had put on again his belt and pistols, his pouch of drawing-materials and his broad hat. The rifle across his shoulder gleamed bravely in the sunlight.

We could but laugh at such a display of weapons in our day; but then it was different. The wonder is that a man could feel quite safe even when thus apparently over-armed.

To Pauline there was no suggestion of the bravado of mere outward pretense in the appearance of Fairfax, nor ought there to have been. The times were tragic enough. War between the United States and Great Britain was already progressing in the North and at any moment might be transferred to the Gulf coast. Not only this, but all the lawless men of the remote and to a degree unprotected regions were taking advantage of the disturbed state of things to redouble their defiance of local authority. The spirit of violence was in the air, and an unarmed man was an exception to a prevailing rule.

The vivid imagination of Pauline Vernon caught an impression from the young man's showy armament quite different from what such a vision would produce in the mind of a bright girl of our day. To her came a thrill of the romance in the midst of which she was living. She was not self-conscious enough or sufficiently trained in self-analysis to be aware of the source from which the glamour came; but she felt her right to enjoy to the full the deep and rich though elusive charm of the moment.

She watched the young man until he passed out of sight, then closed her eyes, the simple-hearted maiden that she was, as if she could thus shut in forever the fascinating picture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

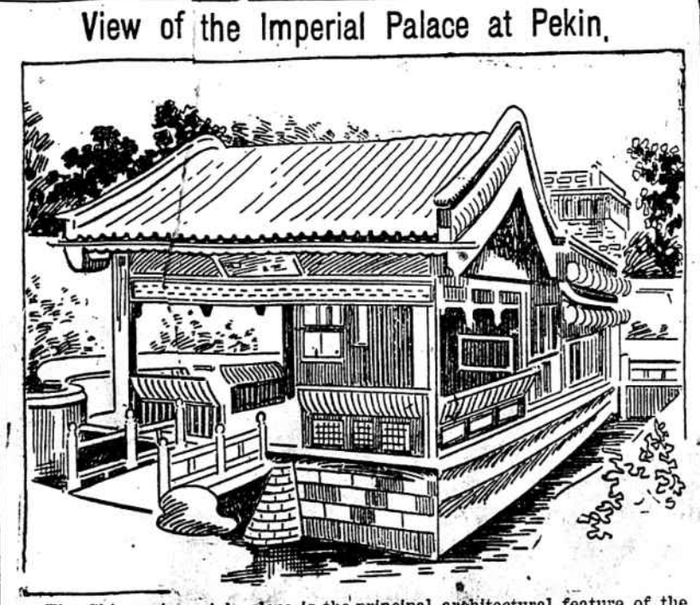
British Prisoners at Pretoria.

The Boers treated us with every kindness after capturing us, and here, where we have just arrived this morning, we are all in a large shed on the race course. There are about fifty officers prisoners. Of course we had nothing but what we stood up in, but the authorities are giving us all necessaries and feed us. We are all teetotallers, as we are not given any spirits, and in fact all spirits are forbidden to be sold in the Transvaal during the war and all liquors shops and refreshment rooms are closed. The food is plentiful though plain, and we are allowed to supplement it by buying things. Then we have been presented by the Government with a suit of multi, a tooth brush, a flannel shirt, a pair of socks, a pair of slippers, a bed, blanket, pillow, braces and a towel each. So, you see, we are comfortable enough, and the only thing we feel is the restriction on our liberty.—Letter of an imprisoned officer in the London Times.

The Fortune of War.

Lieutenant Meiklejohn, of the Gordon Highlanders, seems to have had a very hot time at Elandslaagte. He received three bullets through his upper arm, one through the right forearm, one through the left thigh, two through his helmet, a "snick" in the neck, one of his fingers was blown away, and the sword and scabbard were shot to pieces. But he is quite happy, and the loss of his right arm gives him little uneasiness. Between his chuckles he is heard to say: "The silly duffers didn't know I am left-handed!"—London Globe.

View of the Imperial Palace at Pekin.



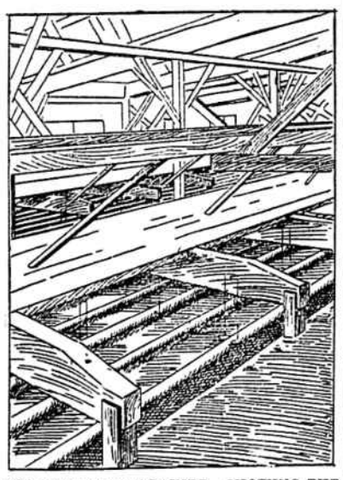
The Chinese imperial palace is the principal architectural feature of the Forbidden City, and is itself more forbidden still. To reach the palace it is necessary to pass three great walls. First, there is the great sixty-foot thick wall of the entire city. Within this is the wall of the Imperial City, six miles in circumference. Within this again is the wall of the Purple Forbidden City, which is sacred to the Emperor and his family. The Purple Forbidden City, or Tze-Kin-Cheng, is nearly square, its sides facing the four points of the compass. Two walls running from north to south divide the space into three parts. The central part contains the principal building. To this division the chief entrance is the Wu Mun, or Meridian Gate. Inside this gate is a large court, and running through it an artificial stream, spanned by five bridges of sculptured marble. Another gate at the end of the bridges gives admission to the Palace of Supreme Peace, or Tai-ho-tien, the principal hall of audience. Here the dignitaries of the empire meet and kow-tow to His Majesty. To kow-tow is to kneel thrice and knock your forehead on the ground nine times. To the innermost palace no man is admitted. It is here that the emperor lives, surrounded by his uncounted wives.

The Modern State of the Salt Industry.

Interesting Processes.

CONSPICUOUS among the natural resources of the State of Michigan are the forests which cover a considerable extent of its surface and the large deposits of salt which underlie a great portion of its area. In the vicinity of Manistee where the "salt blocks" which form the subject of the present article are located, this deposit consists of a stratum of rock salt, which is from twenty-five to thirty feet in thickness. Salt blocks are usually built in connection with sawmill plants, with a view to making use of the refuse as fuel, and for this reason the city of Manistee has of late years become such a large producer of salt that about half of all this commodity manufactured in the State is made at that point.

As soon as the site of a well has been selected, a cellar is excavated and planked up and a derrick, usually about eighty feet high, is erected and the work of driving commences. The first operation is to sink a section of ten-inch pipe, by means of a sand pump, to a depth of about 400 feet, from which point the well is continued by inserting an eight-inch pipe within the ten-inch pipe and driving it down to the rock formation, the eight-inch pipe extending from the rock up through the ten-inch pipe to the surface of the ground. From the rock formation down, the rock is drilled



TOP VIEW OF A GRAINER, SHOWING THE BRINE, RUNWAY, AND AGITATING PADDLES.

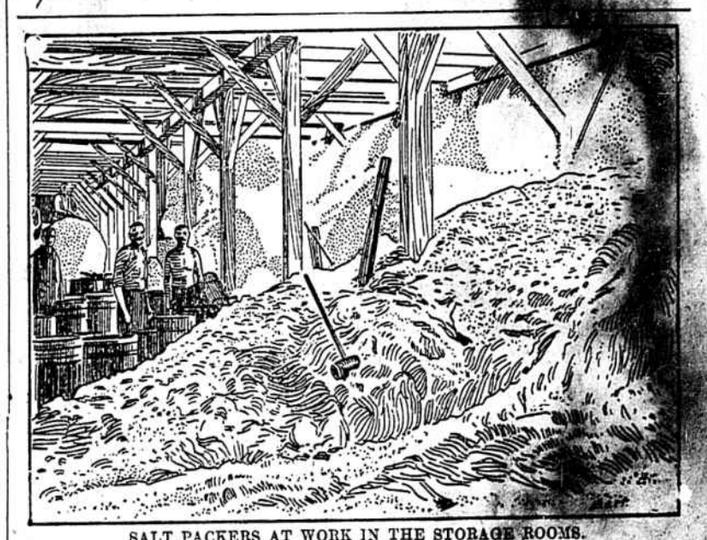
without any pipe casing, except through such portions as are liable to cave. Salt well No. 5 at Manistee, which is described in the present article, is fairly typical of the wells in this vicinity. The ten-inch pipe reaches to a depth of 400 feet, the eight-inch pipe to a depth of 616 feet, where the rock formation is encountered. The bed of rock salt, which is thirty feet in thickness, reaches to a [illegible] of 1985 feet, making a total [illegible] 2015 feet. The yield pumped from this well amounts to from 2000 to 2400 barrels of brine in twenty-four hours.

The accompanying diagrams and photographs represent the modern state of the art. As the brine is pumped from the well, it is delivered to the storage cisterns, from which it falls by gravity to the settlers, and from the settlers to the graiuers. In the settlers it is heated to a temperature of about 170 degrees Fahrenheit. Upon being allowed to cool, the gypsum, which, if it were not removed, would form a coating on the steam pipes in the grainers, is precipitated, and as soon as precipitation is completed the brine is drawn to a long box running across the head ends of the grainers, and from the box it is fed to the grainers as required. The latter are long, shallow tanks, near the bottom of which, and extending throughout their full length, is a series of steam pipes. The brine being admitted to the grainers, the steam is turned on, the liquor soon acquires a high temperature, and rapid evaporation takes place. To assist the precipitation of the grains of salt, the surface of the brine is agitated at frequent intervals by means of a series of paddles which are operated by a lever at the end of the grainer. The salt accumulates at the bottom, until in the course of twenty-four hours there will be a layer from six to eight inches deep. The salt is lifted from the grainer by means of long-handled, perforated shovels, and is deposited on the runaway. As soon as it is thoroughly drained, it is shoveled into carts run out over the storage bin, and dumped.

The plant under consideration consists of five wells, three cisterns each eighteen feet wide by 100 feet long and eight feet deep, and six settlers twelve feet wide, 175 feet long, and eight feet deep, capable of holding about 24,000 barrels. When these cisterns and settlers are all full, they hold enough brine to manufacture over 10,000 barrels of salt.

Part of the salt manufactured in this plant is made by the vacuum-pan process. In operating the plant the pans are first filled by gravity, after which the gravity supply pipe is closed, and the valve in the pipe connecting with the settlers is opened, the brine being drawn into the pans by the vacuum therein as the evaporation proceeds. The water and the air pumps are inserted, steam is admitted to the steam belt, and the process of manufacturing salt begins. The atmospheric pressure being removed from the surface of the brine, the latter boils violently at a temperature which seldom rises above 150 degrees Farenheit. The brine rushes upward through the tubes, and under the rapid evaporation the brine becomes so dense that it can no longer hold the salt in solution. Fine crystal grains are formed, as the liquid circulates through the large three-foot opening in the steam belt, and falling to the bottom of the pan they pass to the foot of the elevator, whence they are taken up and dumped into the drainage bins. After the salt has remained in these bins for a period of sixteen to eighteen hours, it is drawn off into carts, wheeled to the storage bins and dumped. It is customary to use the pans for not longer than twelve consecutive hours, at the end of which period they are emptied, boiled out with fresh water, and cleaned. One of the pans is run during the day and the other during the night, each pan making in a twelve-hour run from 600 to 700 barrels of salt, the combined production being from 1200 to 1400 barrels a day.

In the manufacture of salt it is a recognized necessity that a large quantity must be kept in storage, and for this purpose the salt is dumped into vast storerooms which measure from 200 to 300 feet in length, and the same in width; the amount in store frequently aggregated 400,000 barrels. As these rooms are from [illegible] twenty feet deep the salt becomes [illegible] packed, and has to be worked [illegible] packers with picks, shovels, [illegible] etc., who proceed to quarry [illegible] and pack the salt into barrels. [illegible] the coarser grades of salt [illegible] the grainers this is not a [illegible] latter, but the finer grained, vacuum [illegible] salt becomes compact and very [illegible] the packer



SALT PACKERS AT WORK IN THE STORAGE ROOMS.

soon finds himself confronted by a wall of salt twenty feet in height and as white, if not as hard, as marble. To undermine and bring down this mass of salt is a dangerous operation, and involves long delays; and to overcome these difficulties, the companies have used a compressed-air driven spiral auger, which is ten inches in diameter and provided with a double spoon point. The auger is mounted on a truck and the back end of the shaft is attached to a three-horse-power rotary air drill machine. A row of holes is driven into the wall at a height of ten inches from the floor for a distance of six feet into the mass, the holes being drilled as closely together as possible. After an interval of one to three hours, a fall of salt takes place, a mass equal to 400 or 500 barrels of salt being brought down in each section. The saving of labor by the use of the compressed-air drill is shown by the fact that sufficient salt can be undermined and caved in this manner in one-half day to keep the packers at work for two or three days following.—Scientific American.

COMPRESSED AIR AUGER FOR LOOSENING COMPACT WALL OF SALT.

VACUUM PAN PLANT.

A, vacuum pan; B, steam belt; C, condenser; D, spray plate; E, air pump; F, cold water pump; G, steam pipe; H, sealing tank; K, hot water pump; L, elevator; N, brine pump; R, brine settler; S, brine tank; T, water tank; U, brine vat; V, drainage bin.

How Boys of 1784 Dressed.

Until the time of the Revolution children dressed precisely like their parents. This goes to explain their painfully mature air in their portraits. In the illustration reproduced of the

boy in calico, we have one of the first attempts at change. Cotton had come into general use and was worn both summer and winter. Figure calico in high colors is the material of this boy's suit.—New York World.

Tough on the Joker.

The contributor wrote a joke about a plumber whose bills were always normal. "That," said the editor, rejecting it, "is not a joke; it's a lie."

The contributor tried again with a story of the plumber whose charges left nothing to be desired on the score of size. "That," said the editor, who had suffered, "is not a lie; neither is it a joke."—Scraps.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Decorating the Table.

There are many conventional rules for table decorations, but each housekeeper should carry out her own ideas. A table set without individuality is much like a house furnished by an upholsterer. Have for every day use a potted plant, or, if cut flowers are acceptable, a few cut flowers. If the table is large a handsome dish of fruit or flowers in the centre, then the candelabra or candlesticks, and small dishes of ferns near the ends. Ribbon and lace have no place in ordinary table decorations. All things should be washable and made of such materials as may be easily kept clean.

What Laundresses Fail to Comprehend.

Soft water for washing is preferable to hard, for various reasons. In the first place, because it uses less soap, more soap being required to make a lather with hard water than with soft. In the second place, because hard water contains a deposit of lime, which is not good for the clothes, tending to rot the fibres. One soon learns to know the difference in feeling between hard and soft water. There is no substance so hard that it cannot be dissolved sooner or later with water. Water dissolves the dirt, and water without soap will do this. We use soap, however, to soften the grease which holds the particles of dirt, which loosen as the grease is softened. If, therefore, the water which you are compelled to use is hard, use borax to soften it.—Woman's Home Companion.

Preparing For Preserving Day.

In putting up fruit see that all the essentials are on hand before beginning work. Don't wait until the fruit is in the preserving kettle before running to the corner grocery for a little sugar. It is economy of time to buy sugar in twenty-five or fifty-pound bags this month, for you will need it right along. See that all utensils are in perfect order, that a supply of new rubber bands is on hand, and that the cans and glasses are as clean and sweet and clear as soap and water can make them. If every time a can has been emptied it has been carefully washed and dried and put away with its own top screwed on—this part of the work will be greatly simplified. Yet, even if cleaned before putting away, they will need to be scalded just before using. Have ready a small, sharp-pointed knife for paring; a silver plated fruit knife ground to a fine edge and kept expressly for this purpose is best. Have a half pound of paraffine on hand for covering jellies, several long-handled wooden spoons, a ladle, a colander, a bright tin strainer, a small skewer or silver nut pick, several large bowls and platters, and a couple of large porcelain or granite kettles. Never use tin vessels for cooking fruit, nor yet iron. Brass, when thoroughly cleaned, is pleasant to use, but its expense and the labor necessary to keep it in good condition preclude its adoption in the ordinary kitchen. A plentiful supply of cheese cloth and towels, and a large-mouthed funnel to use in filling jars, should also be in readiness.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Tomato Toast—Stew and strain either fresh or canned tomatoes; thicken with a little flour, season with salt. Moisten the toast, and then pour the tomatoes over it.

Parsley Fritters—Pour boiling water on half a pound of stale bread. Drain well, add a cup of parsley, minced fine, four eggs, two saltspoonfuls of salt and one of pepper. Mold into fritters, fry and serve with lemon quarters.

Asparagus Salad—Take the tips from one pound of cold asparagus. Cut one cucumber into thin slices; let stand one hour in cold water. Then add to it half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix lightly with the tips, cover with mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce.

Almond Dressing—Shell and blanch twelve sweet and four bitter almonds; soak them in cold water an hour, then drain and pound in a mortar with a little lemon juice; add enough more lemon juice to make it the consistency of thin cream. Heap strawberries on the heart leaves of head lettuce in individual saucers, and dust with sugar; then pour the dressing over.

An inexpensive Ice Cream—Take a gallon of new milk, and place all of it, except a pint, or a little more, into a pan over the fire, and let it be heating. With the pint make a good custard, using two eggs, and thicken with two ounces of corn flour. When the milk approaches the boiling point, add the custard, stirring it constantly till it thickens. Set aside to cool, and when cold freeze in the ordinary way.

Bride's Cake Icing—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth. Add gradually one pound of confectioner's sugar, beating all the time. Beat until the mixture will not run when spread, and then add a few drops, or a grain or two, of ultramarine or indigo blue. Mix this in carefully, so that it will not streak. Apply to the cake with a broad, pliable knife such as painters use for scraping palettes.

Angel Parfait—Boil a cupful of sugar and a half cupful of water to the soft-ball stage. Pour on the whites of two eggs beaten until foamy. Beat until cold. Flavor with a third teaspoonful of violet extract and fold in the whip from three cupfuls of cream. Turn into a mold. Press down the cover over a sheet of paper. Bury in ice and salt for four hours. Turn from the mold, garnish and serve with ladyfingers.